THE HUNTRESS

EDUCATION—*"The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*—JEFFERSON.

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SELECTED TALES.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

A SCENE AT FONTAINEBLEAU

BY MISS CATHERINE E. HALL.

The Emperor Napoleon had on one occasion, after an audience with the foreign ministers, remained conversing with Josephine in the deep recess of a window which overlooked the gardens of Fontainebleau. They were interrupted by the entrance of one of his officers, the Chevalier De Merville, who bowing said. 'Sire, a young woman from Lyons has been waiting hours for an opportunity to see you.'

'Why was she not admitted ere this?' asked Napoleon hastily.

'Your Majesty forgets that the Austrian Ambassador has but just departed.'

'Ah, I had forgotten! A young woman! what is her business with me!'

'Some petition I believe, Sire,' answered De Merville.

'Well, well, show her into our presence now,' said the Emperor, looking at Josephine with with a smile.

The officer retired, but soon re-appeared in the corridor, with a lady leaning upon his arm, whose face as much as could be scanned through the thick folds of a veil, was very beautiful. She trembled as she approached the door.

'Mademoiselle,' whispered her guide, kindly pressing her hand, 'take courage, but answer promptly whatever questions the Emperor proposes. He detests hesitation.' Then ushering her into the spacious apartment, he bowed and retired.

The trembling girl, perceiving Napoleon, on whom her fondest hopes depended, forgot herself, and in her timidity, she thought only of *another*. Throwing herself at the feet of Napoleon, she exclaimed in a voice choked with emotion, 'Mercy! Sire, I sue for mercy and pardon.' She could articulate no more.

Josephine stepped from her partial concealment, and approaching the group, contributed more by her sweet and sympathizing words of encouragement to restore the courage of the young petitioner than even the Emperor by the graciousness of his manner as he bade her arise. 'Your petition Mademoiselle,' said he.

Henriette Armand (for that was her name) looked imploringly at the Emperor. and exclaimed, 'Ah, Sire? I ask pardon for Louis Delamarre, who is condemned to be shot on the morrow. 'Oh! grant him your royal pardon'

A cloud gathered on the brow of Napoleon as he interrupted her with—'A deserter, Mademoiselle—he has twice deserted. No, he must be made an example to the remainder of the regiment.'

'But the cause of his desertion! cried Henriette in agony, 'he was compelled sorely against his will to join the army.'

'What were the causes of his desertion?' interrupted Napoleon.

'Two weeks since,' answered Henriette, he received news that an only remaining parent, his *mother*, Sire, was on her death bed, and longed day and night to behold her son again. Louis knew that release or relief from his post was impossible. His mind was filled with one thought, that she might close her eyes forever ere they rested on the son she loved so fondly.'

'Did she die?' asked the Empress with interest

'No, madam,' replied Henriette, 'she at last recovered. 'But hardly had Louis received her blessing, been folded in her arms, ere he was torn from her grasp by the officers of justice and dragged hither. Oh! must he die? Mercy, Sire, I beseech you.'

'Mademoiselle, said Napoleon, apparently softened, 'this was the second offence, name the first, you omitted that.'

'It was,' answered Henriette, hesitating, and coloring—'It was—that he heard I was to marry Conrad Ferrand, whom I detest as much as he does," added Henriette with *naivette*.

'Are you his sister, that he feels so great an interest in your fate?' asked the Emperor.

'Oh no, Sire!' said Henriette, her lovely cheek assuming a still deeper hue of the rose. 'I am ONLY his cousin.'

'Ah! ONLY his COUSIN,' repeated Napoleon, glancing at Josephine with a half suppressed smile.

'Oh, Sire,' cried Henriette, recollect the anguish of his widowed mother when she reflects that the affection of her son for her is the cause of his death. What,' she continued, 'can *I* do to save him?' and the poor girl, forgetting the presence of royalty,' burst into tears. The kind hearted Josephine glanced at the Emperor, with eyes expressive of pity and sympathy, she noticed the workings of his face, and felt at once that it was very uncertain whether Louis Delamarre were shot the next morning.

'Napoleon approached the weeping girl, she hastily looked up and dried her tears. 'Mademoiselle,' said he, 'would you give your life for his? Would *you* die could Louis Delamarre be restored to life, liberty, and his mother?'

Henriette started back—turned deadly pale, looked fixedly at the Emperor a moment, then turning away she buried her face in her hands. After a silence of some moments Henriette looked up. She was still deadly pale, but an air of firm determination rested upon her face, '*I am willing*' said she in a very low but calm voice.'

Napoleon looked at her in surprise, as if he had not expected so ready an acquiescence in his proposal. 'I will see you again,' said he. 'In the mean time accept such apartments for your accommodation as I shall direct.' So saying, the Emperor escorted her to the door and whispering in the ear of De Merville, resigned her to his care.

As the door closed after the fair petitioner, Napoleon walked to the window against which Josephine was leaning, and said,—'see how it is. Louis Delamarre is the lover of this young girl. True to woman's nature she has braved difficulty and danger to beg for his release.'

'How strong must be the love she bears for him,' said the Empress.

'Ah,' returned he, 'I have a mind to subject this same strong love to a severe test. Much I doubt whether she will give her life for him. Nevertheless I will see.'

'Surely,' cried Josephine, 'you are not serious. Louis certainly can be pardoned without the death of Henriette'

'Napoleon drew her nearer the window, and conversed in a low voice.'

'Ah,' said Josephine, I comprehend you, 'but is there no danger of its becoming a dreadful reality!'

'None in the least,' replied the Emperor

* * * * *

Henriette stood alone in a spacious, magnificent apartment. Hours had passed unobserved, so intensely was she absorbed in reverie. A small folded paper was tightly grasped in ore small hand. On it were traced these words—A deserter is condemned by the laws of the army to suffer death. If you wish Louis Delamarre restored to liberty, the means are in *your* power. Ere morning dawns he *may be* on his way to join his mother whom he so much loves.'

'Ah,' murmured Henriette, 'do I not love him too?' Pressing her hand upon her heart as if to hush its tumultuous beatings, she paced the apartment. The door opened and the Chevalier De Merville entered. He paused ere he articulated 'Mademoiselle.'

'I am ready,' replied the high minded Henriette. 'My decision is made.'

De Merville appeared to comprehend the import of her words. He looked upon her in reverence as well as admiration as she stood with the high resolve impressed upon her beautiful brow. 'Follow me, Mademoiselle,' said he. They traversed long corridors and numerous suits of superb apartments, and descending a staircase, quickly reached an outer court communicating with the guard house. Entering this, Henriette was ushered by her guide into a small untenanted room, where she was soon left to herself. She looked around. On a chair was hung a uniform of the regiment to which Louis belonged. On a table lay a large plumed cap. Henriette comprehended all in a moment. Quickly habiting herself in the uniform, she stood before the small mirror and gathering her beautiful brown tresses in a knot, placed the cap upon her head. She almost uttered a cry of joy at the success of her transformation. A little below the stature of Louis, the cap added to her height—while its long black plumes sweeping over her face effectually concealed it from view. She *knew* that *she* was to be led to the fatal ground at the morrow's dawn. The bullet which would have struck Louis to the earth, would pierce her heart, but she shrunk not back. Love triumphed over the timid woman's nature. 'Louis's mother will bless me in heart,' she whispered. Louis himself will never forget me! Ah, often has he sworn that he loved me better than all things else beside.' Drawing a lock of raven hair from her bosom she pressed it to her lips, then breathed a prayer to Heaven.

Morning dawned. The sound of footsteps aroused Henriette. She started up, grasping the band of hair, awaiting the summons. The door opened and two soldiers entered—repeating the name of Louis Delamarre, they silently led her forth to die. The large court yard, even at this early hour, was filled with soldiers, the comrades of Louis assembled to witness the punishment of desertion. Henriette calmly took her place on the spot assigned to her, her face bent towards the ground. No one suspected she was other than Louis Delamarre, the deserter. But he was yet in a distant part of the guard house, happily ignorant of what was transpiring, ignorant of the devotedness of her he loved so well. The soldiers whose bullets were intended to pierce the heart of Louis, had taken their proper distances, and only awaited the word of command from the Emperor, who was stationed at a window commanding a view of the whole scene.

'Oh!' cried Josephine, who stood by him, but concealed by the window drapery from the view of those below, 'Oh, Sire, I can endure it no longer, it seems too much like dreadful reality. Mark the devoted girl! No shrinking back. She seems calmly awaiting the fatal moment.

'Stop,' cried the Emperor from the window, 'Louis Delamarre is pardoned! I revoke his sentence.'

A loud burst of applause from the lips of the soldiers followed this announcement. Not one of them but loved and respected their comrade. The next moment, ere they could congratulate the supposed Louis, De Merville had eagerly drawn the bewildered Henriette through the crowd back to the door of the cell from which she had emerged but a few moments before. Resume your dress again, Mademoiselle, hurriedly whispered he. 'Lose no time. The Emperor wishes to see you. I will return soon.'

Henriette was like one in a dream—but a gleam of delicious hope thrilled her soul, she felt the dawnings of happiness break upon her heart. Soon again resuming her pretty rustic habiliments, De Merville reappeared, and once more again she trod the gallery leading to the audience room of the Emperor. Lifting up her eyes from the ground as the lofty door swung open, she beheld Louis! An exclamation of joy burst from the lips of each, as regardless of the presence of others, they rushed into each other's arms.

Napoleon stepped forward—'Louis Delamarre,' said he, 'you have just heard from my lips the tale of this lovely girl's devotion and courage. Do you love her as she deserves.'

'I could DIE for HER,' answered Louis proudly.

'Well, well,' cried the Emperor, 'this severe test of the *love of one* will suffice. So dutiful a son, so faithful a lover, will doubtless make the best of husbands. You, Lieutenant Louis Delamarre, are discharged from your regiment. Return to your native valleys with Henriette as your bride.'

'Here,' said the benevolent Josephine, emerging from the recessed window, 'here are one hundred louis dors, as the marriage dowry of Henriette.'

A charming blush suffused the cheek of the beautiful girl as she received the purse from the hand of the Empress.

'Long live Napoleon,' exclaimed Louis, as with a heart too full of grateful emotions for further utterance, he took the hand of Henriette, and making a grateful obeisance, quitted the apartment.

A SETTLER.—'You lie!' said a fellow on the wharf to a man with whom he had been disputing on constitutional matters. 'Lie!' exclaimed the other, with a fearfully disturbed countenance, 'why, I belong to the second Baptist church!'

THE ORIGIN OF MERMAIDS.—A Boston news-boy accounts for the origin of mermaids in the following manner—'I knows wot they is,' he says. 'they're women wots got drowned, and stuck in the fishes throats when they went to swaller 'em,'

'Mother, who is the Caroline Case, that so much is said of in the papers?' 'She was a British lady, my son, that McNabb ran away with, and threw over the Niagairy.'

'I heel the sick,' as the horse exclaimed, when he kicked his invalid master.

'Quilp,' said Digby, 'if I should happen to get slewed on gin and *peppermint*, what should you say?'

'That you were *essentially* corned!' replied Quilp.

COOL ASSURANCE—The following is from the New York Atlas, and is just like New York all over—

'Is there any thing else I can show you, madam?' earnestly inquired an exhausted clerk in a dry goods store in Broadway the other day, after he had emptied all his shelves and drawers, and strewed his goods, helter-skelter, on the counter, without being able to suit the lady with a single article.

'No, I thank you—I think I shan't purchase any thing to-day,' was the consoling reply. 'As it rains, mister, I'd thank you to step down to the sound and call a cab. Well, now, I've just thought that I left my purse at home. Be so good as to pay the cabman. Oh, I'd thank you for the loan of your umbrella, as I shall want it when I get out. 'Good-by, stranger.' 'Good-by, madam.'

POPPING THE QUESTION.—'Will you marry me?' said an eccentric-looking youth, sticking his head under a girl's bonnet last Sunday morning, in the St. Louis cathedral.

'Yes, I will, cuss your ugly pictur, just as quick as you knows on,' said the girl—and the young people were married.'

'I say, printer—do you take Canton money?'

'No.'

'What's the reason? Aint it good?'

'Yes.'

'Why dont you take it then?

'Cant get it.'

'Jim,' said Joe to his playmate one day, "spose I owned all the land in the world, and you owned all the horses and cattle in the world, what you do with 'um?'

'Why, I'd put 'em in your fields, so I would.'

'No you would'nt.'

'Yes I would.'

'You shan't!'

'I shall!'

At it they went, and golly gracious! how they did fight.

A Western Editor says, that nothing is sweeter than the warm ardent kiss of one we love unless it is molasses.

He is a magnificent character who can heartily forgive an enemy.

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1842.

THE CABINET.

It is positively to be changed, and Mr. Cushing is to be Secretary of the Treasury. So says the Globe. What does the Herald say?

THE MADISONIAN.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Mr. Jones is that friend. He sticks to the veto and the Constitution, and thinks applicants for office ought to have friends.

THE GLOBE OF THIS CITY.

The Editors are in great pain about HENRY CLAY and the "TWO TRANSPARENCIES" in the procession. "Tariff"—"Henry Clay"—all done by Northern manufacturers.

But the worst of it was, that *Southern* Whig members of Congress were present and encouraged the doings. "O, Sigismundi! Sigismundi, Oh!"

BALTIMORE SUN.

These Editors are the jackalls for the Benton, alias Levellers, alias the WAR men, alias Butt-enders party.

They have doft the mask and go for putting down *all* opposition. Commendable! They say "it has brought ruin on the country." How will they go about it? Stopping the mouths and pens of freemen? A revolution, we presume, which will render the Government independent of the people. Thus, from all we can gather, Editors of a certain class have lost sight of the country, and exert their pens and their influence to consolidate the Government, and thereby become to it an indispensable appendage. If the people submit to this they deserve to be slaves. Can nothing rouse them to their danger? One strong effort would free them from the machinations of the Destructives. Will they not rally once more and restore our Government to its original simplicity—*increase* the salaries of public servants, and reduce the number one-half at least.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

It appears Hon. Henry Clay of Kentucky—the only Whig candidate—is rather taking the lead of the others. We see many Editors in the East, North, West, and South, have hoisted the CLAY flag—also, Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN. The Keystone will stand by him. Pennsylvania deserves credit for this.

Hon. John C. Calhoun is spoken of pretty strongly in the South as the Democratic candidate—a much better choice, in our humble opinion, than Mr. Van Buren, because he would be less influenced by party.

As for Mr. Van Buren, he is not named as a candidate in any of the papers we have seen—neither is Col. Johnson.

Col. Benton says he is not a candidate for the Presidency—but goes for Mr. Van Buren. He might just as well say he goes for himself. For it is now pretty generally known that in going for Mr. Van Buren he goes for himself, and that all, or most of the acts of Mr. Van Buren were suggested by him, and without his advice and concurrence nothing was done that was done.

STATEMENT OF PARTIES—NEW YORK MORNING POST.

The Editor of this paper has published the ablest political article we have ever seen on the same side. We copy it from the Cahawba [Ala.] Democrat. It is drawn up with much tact and ability, and though we differ from the writer in the *premises*, yet the people will learn much from his clear and candid statement of the principles upon which the coming contest is to be conducted.

[From the N. Y. Morning Post.]

THE COMING CONTEST.—The indications of the times show the approach of a political battle, the like of which has not been since the great onset between conservatism and reform, under the lead respectively of Adams and Jefferson. We are drawing near to the conflict of vital and all-important principles. Already the heavens begin to gather blackness and the big clouds are rolling up charged with lightning and storm.

As yet the political elements are in confusion. Parties have hardly taken their positions, or settled the points or terms on which they are about to be engaged. Men are moving, hither and thither, undetermined as to what will be the issue of the prevailing indecision and doubt, and not knowing under what colors to enlist or what leader to select as a champion.

The Whigs are further advanced in the work of preparation, than their enemies the Democrats—they have already chosen their commander-in-chief, a bold, dashing, and spirited fellow, completely identified with their interest, and possessed of qualities that are admirably fitted to awaken the enthusiasm and attachment of his friends. But the Democrats have not yet manifested a decided preference for any one of the several able and distinguished champions, prepared to take the lead of their forces. In a little while, however, they will have made their selection, and the fierce and fiery battle will commence.

The ground on which it will be fought will be the subjects of a currency and a tariff. A broad, decided, irreconcilable division of opinion exists on these questions among the people, which must sooner or later be settled, and for the determination of which, as all political signs indicate, there can be no more fitting time than the present. There will be no half-way work, when the fight has once commenced. As in the days of Adams and Jefferson, the conflict will be strictly a conflict of principle. The petty interests of particular factions or men will sink in the overwhelming importance of the general object. The lines of distinction between the two parties will be broad and marked. They will not exhibit, as they have heretofore done, the aspect of a motly and promiscuous crowd, each man having his own independent aims—some contending for one thing, and some for another; a mingled group of tariff and no tariff advocates, or of bank, state bank, and anti-bank men—but the division will constitute a sort of impassable gulf, white medium ground or bridge by means of which you can pass at will from one side to the other.

The issue will be distinctly drawn, between free trade or restriction, between a sound and stable currency and the paper money system. All upon one side, will be pledged to the unlimited emancipation of trade—all upon the other to its restraint and slavery. All upon one side will be pledged to the recognised constitutional currency—all upon the other to the baseless, evanescent and ever fluctuating schemes of speculators and bankers. Every voter will be compelled to make his choice between principles utterly antagonistical. It will be impossible to form a half faced fellowship with both of the opposing armies. A man who would act at all, must act definitely and with fearlessness—he must cease his trimming, lay aside his chicken heart, and prepare himself for a stern, vigorous and unrelenting war.

The agitation of it will shake society to the centre. Those mighty interests, which have sprung up upon a basis of falsehood, will be moved from their foundations. Monopoly and universality, privilege and equality, freedom and fetters, man and money, will meet each other, as in all the tremendous social conflicts that have gone before, face to face to wrestle once more for the mastery.

The Whigs are the representatives of the former—the Democrats of the latter. Let both, that there may be a fair and final decision, declare their objects manfully, muster their forces in the open field.

"Democrats and Whigs." They may assume what name they like. It is not names but ACTIONS that proves principles. It is facts, not words, that will form the line upon which the issue will be made up.

Nor will the contest be between the Whigs and Democrats—it will be between the PEOPLE and OFFICE HOLDERS and OFFICE SEEKERS—it will be between the citizens and a venal party, who have brought ruin and distress upon the country. It will be between a set of reckless, unprincipled men, who under the *name* of Democracy have ruled the country for TWELVE YEARS with a rod of iron—living in idleness and insolence upon the fat of the land, while hundreds were perishing of want—and an indignant people, who will no longer be imposed upon.

Democracy is one thing—but robbing the public is another thing. Was it Democracy to increase office holders unnecessarily, and take the Navy fund to pay them? Was it Democracy to take the Indian's money and squander it upon worthless unprofitable hirelings, one-half of them paupers, not able to do one cent's worth of work, because their relatives did not want to be at the expense to maintain them, and paid their board in votes. Vide Gen. Davis of New Hampshire, and hundreds besides.

The gentleman says the clouds are "rolling, charged with lightning and storm." This is the real Dorr bluster.

As for "National Bank," "Free trade," and "Tariff."—they are made a mere pretence to gull the ignorant.

With all their patriotism, Democracy, anti-Bank and Free trade principles, how did it happen that after governing the nation twelve years, they left it saddled with a debt of $24,000,000!!!! and now the people must be taxed to pay these debts.

COL. BENNETT OF THE HERALD.

What a wag. He *will* keep pecking at old clo', as he calls Major Noah. His remarks upon the supposed candidates for the Presidency is a real farce. He says he is "on the fence, high and dry." He is a cute chap, and will probably take the side most likely to succeed. But we will let him speak for himself—

"CANDIDATES FOR NEXT GOVERNOR.—THE TWO CONVENTIONS.—On Tuesday of this week two Conventions were held in Syracuse—one by the Whigs another by the Democrats—for nominating candidates for Governor and lieutenant, to be elected in November. The following are the results of the proceedings—

FOR GOVERNOR.

WHIG.	DEMOCRAT.
Luther Bradish,	W. C. Bouck.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR.

Gabriel Furman,	D. S. Dickinson.

This nomination may be said to begin the guerilla war for the next Presidedcy. In some respects the contest involves also the policy of the State. Altogether the programme of the men and principles involved may be thus stated—

The Whigs are in favor—

1st. Of Henry Clay for the next Presidency.

2d. Of an old fashioned U. S. Bank, to manage the currency.

3d. Of a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands—or an assumption of the State debts by the General Government on the basis of the lands.

4th. Of a protective tariff and high duties.

5th. In State policy the Whigs are in favor of carrying on the public works, and increasing the State debt.

The Democrats, on the contrary, may be said to be in favor of—

1st. Of John C. Calhoun, Martin Van Buren, or whoever their Convention may nominate for the next Presidency.

2d. Of a specie currency, and against any United States Bank.

3d. Against distribution or assumption in every aspect.

4th. Against the increase of the State debt.

5th. Against a high protective tariff—but in favor of a moderate one.

This is a fair statement of the issue, and it is the first intelligible issue that has come before the people in many a day—no hard cider—no glory—no humbug here. The policy and principles of the Whigs lead to speculation, high prices, expensions, credit, genteel piety, courtly extravagance, luxury, elegance and fashion. The tendency of the Democratic policy is to cash business—low prices, restricted credits, moderate habits of life, low priced breeches, and so forth. The manufacturers and financiers prefer the Whig policy—the mechanics and laborers the Democratic. It will make a beautiful fight on public policy—without any hard cider or glory to obscure men's eyes. In the first skirmish we feel rather in favor of Mr. Bradish, because we prefer the cut of his coat and the price of his breeches—however, generally at present we may be said to be on the fence, high and dry."—*Herald.*

Major N; and the Colonel [some call him General Bennett] agree in one thing, viz. increasing Tyler office-holders.

The RICHMOND STAR signifies that this is nothing more nor less than a "MULTICAULIS" business, and that Mr. *Calhoun's "feed* was hardly a small potato affair." He (Mr. Calhoun) thought it would be a "rouser."

MR. RICHIE. He is thrown back upon his reserved rights. He is willing to fight in the ranks of the suffrage-men, alias levellers, alias Benton men—or accept of a commission under Dorr. But as to a negro Representative he requires a little time for consideration, being a considerate man.

HEWETT'S GRAMMAR

Of the English Language. A brief, plain system for self-instruction, and for the use of those attending schools and lectures.

This is a small compendium of English Grammar, arranged differently from the common school grammars, and made so plain, that any person of common sense can acquire the science without a teacher, and is well worth the trifle it costs.

It is admirably adapted as the author says to facilitate the progress of those who attend school lectures.

"Copies of this Grammar will be furnished and forwarded in a safe manner, to any part of the United States, at $10 a hundred, at wholesale, by directing through the Post Office to the Compiler, D. Hewett, New York. Price at retail, 25 cents a copy, to be had at various book stores."

Every family ought to have a number of the work.

Mr. D. Hewett has been long known to the public as a teacher of penmanship, but more particularly as the author of "*The Universal Traveller*," and "Hewett's Commercial Register," corrected quarterly—a very useful work of twenty years' standing.

Hotels, importers, retail stores, mechanics, attorneys, victuallers—any thing and every thing which appertains to business in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and men of business generally, as far as *Texas*, are all alphabetically arranged—Mr. H. being a man of indefatigable industry and research.

A few days since while engaged in mailing in our front room we heard some person ask for a glass to get a drink of water at the pump, which is within a few feet of the door, and upon looking that way we discovered a tall, genteel looking man, who addressed us by name, and proved to be Mr. Hewett, our old fellow traveller of 16 or 17 years since.

Upon renewing our acquaintance we were much grieved to hear that Mrs. Hewett—a most charming lady, has been dead for ten years.

"The news relative to the Chartists, exhibits the fact that the pressing wants of the people in the manufacturing districts have driven them to the consideration of their former means of relief. They find that political agitation is useless, and the power of the Government too strong to contend against, but at the cost of life from the bullet, the gallows, or more frequently the want of bread. Calls for Chartist meetings, therefore, cease to meet the response of the multitude as they were wont."—*Balt. Sun.*

They ought to have had our BENTON and the GLOBEMAN there. But, especially, Gov. DORR.

POETRY.

ODE.

BY REV. DR. GILMAN.

AIR—*'Scots wha hae'*

Hail, our country's brighter morn!
Hail, ye golden hopes unborn!
Wave, thou banner, pure untorn,
O'er the doubly free!
While, this day, in festal throng,
Millions swell the patriot song,
Louder notes to thee belong,
Temperance Jubilee!

Who would seek the drunkard's shrine?
Who would stake his fate for wine?
Though a fevered joy were mine,
Nobler aims I feel—
Dear my brother's bliss to me—
Dear each spirit pure and free—
Dear the wife's and children's glee—
Dear my country's weal.

By our love for frail mankind—
By th' immortal gift of mind—
By the social bond refined—
By our dread of stain—
By the heart's upspringing song,
By our scorn and hate of wrong,
By the tie of honor strong,
We'll the pledge maintain!

Fathers! have ye toil'd in vain?
Ages! shall ye droop again?
Maker! shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by Thee?
No! receive our solemn vow,
While beneath thine eye we bow,
Ever to maintain, as now,
Temperance—Liberty!

[From the N. O. Picayune.]

☞The editor of the Chicora, in his journal of the 27th ultimo continues his pleasure trip to Edisto Island. Big-mouthed Joe's minstrelsy forms an important feature in the narration. We gave some specimens yesterday of his powers of improvisatorizing—here is another—

Our oarsmen are full of spirit and strength, and in four hours more their journey shall be ended. Alas 'for the poor fellow who fails, or even lags! Joe will be sure to pasquinade him, and never more will he be trusted among his class as worth a farthing. Every thing, upon such occasions, is turned into song—and as our purpose is to afford a true picture of the habits of this part of our population, we will be excused in giving a specimen or two of such improvisations, even at the risk of offending those few pretenders to taste, who presume that because they have skill enough to adjust a cravat or fit a coat, they must also have possess brains enough to criticize the inherent beauty and propriety of our negro minstrelsy:

One of the oarsmen lags, perhaps, in his work. Joe perceives this, and at once strikes up—

One time upon dis ribber,
Long time ago,
Mass Ralph 'e had a nigger,
Long time ago!

Dat nigger had no merit,
Long time ago—
De nigger could'nt row wid sperit,
Long time ago!

And now there is in dis boat, ah,
A nigger dat I see—
What is a good for nuttin' shoat, ah,
Ha, ha, ha, he!

Dat nigger's weak like water—
Ha, ha, ha, he!
'E can't row a half quarter—
Ha, ha, ha, he!

Cuss de nigger!—cuss 'e libber!
Ha, ha, ha, he!
'E nebber shall come on this ribber—
Ha, ha, ha, he!

The delinquent oarsman would sooner die than live under such a rebuke, and hence it is that few failures are ever met with in boat voyages of this kind.

FUNNY MISTAKE.—At the late clambake in Rhode Island, there was an enormous clam in the scrape with the little ones. It was called the great Dorr clam, and in printing an account of it, by a trick of the types it was made to read the Great Door *calm*

☞The people of the West say of Dan Marble, that he makes friends enough wherever he goes, to fill a Prairie. This is an "extensive" truth.

She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romances, whose only occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.—*Goldsmith.*

Let no gentleman, says the New York Aurora, ever quarrel with a woman. If you are troubled with her, retreat, if she tear your cloak off, give her your coat: if she box your ears, bow, if she tear your eyes out, *feel* your way to the door—but fly.

PRETTY GOOD.—On a recent occasion as the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church in a neighboring town, when the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married, to rise up, a large number of *ladies* immediately arose.

CIVILIZATION.—Ten steamboats crowed with passengers going from New York to Hart Island, Aug. 29, to see a prize fight between two *men.*—*Thomaston, (Me.) Rec*

They have a newspaper away up in Vermont, where cider, brandy freezes, that is printed on tenpenny nails, and worked off on a double geared cheese press. The head lines are harrow teeth, and the editor leads out his paragraphs with slips torn from an old board fence. The subscription price is two cords of wood and a load of pumpkins per annum.—*Rich Aurora*

The Boston Times wants to know who is *Davy Jones*, and where is his *locker* situated? Can any body tell him.

"The victory is not always to the strong," as the boy said when he killed a skunk with a brickbat.

MARRIAGE.

On Tuesday, the 20th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Myers. GEORGE H. RANDELL, formerly of Alexandria, to EMELINE W. MATTINGLY, of this city.

PERSEVERANCE

COFFEE HOUSE.

THE subscriber having taken the PERSEVERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, formerly occupied by John Hancock, a few doors south of corner of 6th street and Pennsylvania Avenue, begs leave to inform the Public that his Bar is furnished with as good Spirituous Liquors, Wines, Porter, Ale and Cider, as in any other establishment in the city—and he intends keeping a constant supply of the best Oysters, cooked in every way and for private families.

WILLIAM BENTER.

ALMOST GIVING AWAY GOODS, AT THE NEW YORK CHEAP LACE STORE, between 10th and 11th sts., Pennsylvania Avenue, three doors above Dyer's Auction Rooms.

I have just received from New York a splendid assortment of Lace Goods of all descriptions, which I will sell for one half their value. Edgings, 2 yards for 1 cent, Lisle thread Laces for making capes and collarettes, from 3 to 25 cents per yard. Silk Blond Quillings, 2 cents per yard, worth 6 cents. New style Ribbed Ribbon, only 4 cents per yard. Quillings of all kinds, from 1 cent upwards; Nets for caps from 3 to 50 cents per yard. Brussels Net, 2 yards wide, 37½ cents per yd., worth $1. Ladies' Dress Caps, made in the newest style, and well trimmed, only 37 1-2 cents per piece. Newest style of capes, collars, and collarettes of all descriptions, from 12 1-2 cents to one dollar. Ladies' and Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves, from 25 to 50 cents per pair, with a good assortment of insertings, footings, thread edging, black laces and edgings, &c., very cheap. Also, Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, uncommonly cheap. Muslin collars, trimmed with lace, two for a fip, and other articles, too numerous to mention.

Affixed prices and no abatement.

JAMES T. KING.

September 10, 1842.

$100 REWARD.

DRSTORM'S SPECIC COMPOUND

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabets or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the urinal of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the monday. Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when, for $1, you can purchase a pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance? One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. Wade on 7th street, and by J. & W. Young jr. Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

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Those in the City of N. York, who wish the work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle 394, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have it regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter.

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AND

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Spring and cushion-seat, Sofas Low Bedsteads
Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)
Centre, side, column, pier, dressing, sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables
Wardrobes, Bedsteads
Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs
Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of which are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington

Those wishing to exchange their old furniture

CONFECTIONARY

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FRESH

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS.

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at

J. F. CALLAN'S,

Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th street,

WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following

Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Brocoli, Coards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celery, white and red, Chervy or Salad, Corn Salad, Cress or Peppe Gass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled; Kad Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch Lettuce, all the best sorts; Melons an Cantelopes; Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red, and silver Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large Peas, extra early, early and late; Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, premium, Radishes, many sorts; Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster; Sprage round and prickly; Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, a the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞These seeds are put up in small convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. The Roots, (particularly the Dahlias,) are of the most beautiful description, comprise a the new varieties the deandbe sold at the New York prices.

☞Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and Seeds, Roots and plants carefully packed to go to any part of the United States.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S PLAIN AND FANCY SHOE STORE.

Manufactured by James Jack.

The undersigned has opened a cheap and fashionable Shoe Store on Penn. Avenue, nearly opposite Bown's Hotel, between Sixth and Seventh streets, where he will always keep on hand an assortment of Lady's and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes of the best manufacture and materials, and of the most fashionable style. Among which are

MEN'S fine eal, Morocco, and calfboots
Do grain, Calf and Kip welted, do.
Do coarse thick do.
Do Brogans and Monroe do.
Do pumps and Calf . . shoes
BOYS Boots, Brogans, and dress shoes.
LADIES AND MISSES fine Calf, Seal, and Morocco walking do.
Do Do fine Kid and Gaiters.

All of which the undersigned will sell cheap. Apply as above.

JAMES H BIRCH.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber has taken the City Lunch, corner of 14th street and Pennsylvania avenue, formerly kept by John Hand jr. where he intends keeping all the delicacies of the season, both in the eating and drinking way. Gentlemen will please call and taste for themselves.

JOHN PURDON.

CHARLES CAHAN

Informs the Public that he has removed to that popular stand formerly occupied by Michael McDermott, at the corner of Sixth street and Penn. Av. where he continues to furnish refreshments to citizens and transcients, as usual. He begs leave to return his thanks to his friends and the Public in general for their liberal patronage heretofore, and hopes by assiduity and attention to merit a continuance of their favors.

DEPOT HOUSE."

This is a new tavern recently opened by MICHAL MCDERMOTT, at that popular stand formerly occupied by Mr. McGuire, immediately opposite the car office, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. McD. has long been known to the public as a successful carriage maker, and a most amiable man.

He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

NOTICE TO WESTERN TRAVELLERS.

FARE 2 dollars cheaper than any other line to Frederick or Wheeling.

The Fredericktown stage leaves the office opposite Gadsby's Hotel, daily, for Frederick and Wheeling. Passengers securing their seats at this place or in Baltimore, have a decided preference over all other passengers that steam it, for this reason.

The stage will leave Fredericktown daily on the arrival of the Western stages, and arrive at Washington in time to take all Southern routes, by this line the passengers will arrive at Winchester the same day.

The coaches and teams on this route are of the first quality, with skilful and attentive drivers, and the proprietor pledges himself that every attention and accommodation will be given to the passengers who give this line their patronage.

feb 19 JOHN BROWN, Proprietor.

SHERWOOD'S ELECTRO MAGNETIC REMEDIES FOR CHRONIC DISEASES

the class of Hypetrophy, including the forms Scrofula, viz: Tubercula Consumption, Dyspepsia, Chronic Disease of the Liver of the Heart of the Spleen, of the Kidneys, of the Spine, White Swellngs, Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Scald Head, King' Evil, Leucorrhœa, Chlorosis, Menorrhaga or Females complaints.

These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same diagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregular action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system; they may all be detected by pressure upon the sides of the vertebræ and glands of the neck which elicits the Electro-Galvanic symptom, and they may be cured by these Electro-magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principle of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particle of animate and inanimate matter either in a negative or positive state of electro and that every motion in all matter, whether in the largest masses or in the smallest particles, is produced by the attracting and repelling force of this universal principle. The morbid action which produces disease of the organs or limbs, seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this means the very seeds of the disease are eradicated, and a permanent cure effected, even in cases where all hope of relief from other sources is abandoned. The Electro Magnetic remedies are the only preparation applicable to this prevailing class of diseases and they never disappoint the confidence reposed in them the symptoms of the class of diseases to which they are applicable can be discovered, under the directions contained in the work which accompanies them without the aid of a physician and can be used with perfect safety and success without soliciting or knowledge.

STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

The subscriber having taken the large and commodious Hotel on Seventh street one door from the corner of Pa. Av. facing *Centre Market*, formerly occupied by *John Lloyd*, Esq.

Of this long established house, for convenience, and comfortable apartments little need be said. The subscriber, also long known to the Public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords prepared by experienced cooks, and attentive servants:

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

He flatters himself, therefore, that from his zeal to give entire satisfaction, he may receive a moderate share of public patronage.

B. O. SHECKLES.

sept. 23, 1840.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER. Printed and published by A M'Makin & E. Holden, at No. 72 Dock Street, corner of Walnut.

Terms of Subscription—$3 per annum. $ if paid in advance $1,25 in advance for six months.

Of Advertising.—$1 per square for each insertion. No yearly advertising admitted. These terms have been adopted both because the number of subscribers are so much larger than all the daily papers united, as to make them actually cheaper, and because a repetition of old advertisements affords no interest to the readers.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publishers, while arrearages are due.

Small notes are received in payment of our bills,

Any person forwarding $10 will be entitled to six copies.

Postage on letters must invariably be paid.

Travelling Agents will much oblige by sending the numbers and time paid for, as well as invariably the names paid.

All remittances of money by mail are acknowledged in the 'Receipts by Mail.'

Agents for this paper are earnestly requested to make quick remittances, without which it is impossible to keep accounts even

When a single paper is ordered by an agent, and postage accrues, if is invariably charged to the subscriber.

Directions must always be accompanied with the name of the subscriber, and the Post Office at which a paper is discontinued or paid for, and in case of a removal, the office from, as well as to, which the paper is to be changed.

MICHAEL MCERMOT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general, that he still continues to carry on the *COACH MAKING USINESS*, in all its branches, on Penn avenue between Third and Four-and a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c., made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hoes by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage.

Repairing done as usual.

MRS HALL'S BOARDING HOUSE,

Pennsylvania Avnue,

NEARLY OPP. BROWN'S HOTEL

WASHINGTON.

THE HUMAN HAIR is warranted staid or restored, and the head kept free from Dandruff, by the genuine *Oldridge's Balm of Clumbia.*

Remember the genuine as described below.

This is certified to by several Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel. British Consuls Physicians, and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold.

DARING FRAUD. - This article has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or used unless it have hokly name of L.COMSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & CO. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the Public from deception.

Apply at the wholesae and retail office No 2 Fletcher street, near Maiden Lane and Pearl street.

COMSTOCK & CO

Wholesale Druggists, New York

A great variety of the most worthless trash for the hair has sprung up on the sale of this article. This has stood the test of 21 years, and rapidly increased in

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For the cure of Gonorrhoa, Gleets, Stricktures, Diabets or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the whoan of either sex.

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